

August 4, 1968

Dear Harold and Lil:

Inclosed with this note is the N.Y. Times' article of August 2, the commentary alluded to previously.

While it's nice to learn that Mr. Hitler got what would seem to be an efficient, Russian-performed, autopsy, it's even more heartening to learn that the distinguished Mr. H. R. Trevor-Roper's expertise has been subjected to ^{AT LEAST} a minimum of question. (And, gracious goodness, his good angel, the Times, would suddenly appear to have been changed into his evil demon! Pity!)

The next step (as if it were necessary to tell you same) might well be to reduce Mr. Trevor-Roper's credibility to just about zero, this by letting his Hitler-documentation rest as "somewhat" factual, while stacking his Kennedy-research on the former's accuracy. Both houses of cards should fall nicely together, together.

Meanwhile, to escape the charge of "attack," it might not be too foolish to suggest that because one set of research had been wrong for 23 years, was to no reason to doubt the latter effort; that since the Russians said Hitler died in a way other than Mr. Trevor-Roper (here establish the credentials and lack of motive for the Russians to state other than the truth), why should we believe them? (etc).; and, that no doubt Mr. T.-R's devotion to accuracy, albeit devoid of fact, may well be vindicated. Why in fact should such a brilliant historian encumber his work with details such as evidence and truth? (The possibilities are simply endless.)

The foregoing is but a suggestion, for after Mr. T-R's unmasking as England's true answer to William Ma chester, I should imagine that you could really take off and run (having an interim field day) with the "distinguished historian's" monumental boo-boo.

The remaining things I'd like to touch on might better be arcanelly attempted by 'phone; we'll (that editorial "we" being yours truly,) tomorrow.

Most sincerely,

Dottie
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